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Mr. Gilbert Murray, who recently succeeded Mr. Bywater as Professor of Greek at Oxford, delivered his inaugural lecture on January 27. It seems to have been a remarkable lecture in many ways and has been made the subject of favorable comment in many quarters, particularly, for example, in the *London Nation*. The *Manchester Guardian* prints some selections which are well worth reproduction:

But there is one great characteristic of the scholarship of Oxford and Cambridge which at the present day we should take care not to forget. If my memory does not deceive me, it was once described by the late Provost of Oriel. He pointed out that the English Universities, while they had not the great antiquity of Bologna and Montpelier, while they had not the enormous productiveness and professional finish of Berlin or Leipzig, had performed one remarkable and perhaps unique task; they had made the great Greek writers an integral element in our highest national culture, so that Homer and Sophocles and Plato were living forces continually working upon English thought, almost as our own Shakespeare and Bacon and Milton are. I believe that this is true, and that in some cases—in the case of Plato, for instance—a large part of an influence particularly strong at the present day is definitely due to the Oxford Greats School. I would go further. If you take English political thought and action, from Pitt and Fox onwards, it seems to me that you find always present, even in times of reaction, when repressive and authoritarian tendencies are strongest, certain mitigating and hopeful strands of feeling which are due—of course, among many other causes—to this permeation of Greek influence; an unquestioning respect for freedom of life and thought, a mistrust of passion and a confidence in *Sophrosyne*, a sure consciousness that the poor are the fellow-citizens of the rich, and that statesmen must, as a matter of course, consider the welfare of the whole State.

This widening of the borders of Greek study somewhat alters the position and the definite duties of a Professor of Greek. When I look about me in Oxford I am conscious that, in almost everyone of the great branches into which the knowledge of ancient Greece may be divided, I am in the presence of men whose knowledge and judgment is superior to mine. In philosophy, in history, in the various forms of archaeology, in philology and palaeography, there are men to whose knowledge mine is but the gropings of an amateur; yet all these subjects are necessary and essential parts of the study of Greek. It seems, indeed, that the subject of Greek literature, especially the poetical side of it, and of language in so far as it expresses literature, are the subjects that are chiefly set aside for the professor. But of all subjects these are, perhaps, the least able

to stand alone. The business of an interpreter of Greek literature is to understand the full meaning of the words uttered and written by great men, dead more than two thousand years ago. The palaeographer and the grammarian must help us to get the words right. And when we have got them their meaning will depend upon all kinds of other questions; the daily lives those men lived, the houses and cities they dwelt in, the historical changes through which they passed, above all on the beliefs and ideas which they received unconsciously from tradition or built up by the labor of their own brains. The Professor of Greek, it is evident, must depend at every turn upon the discoveries or the special knowledge of other workers in the wide field of Hellenic study. All Hellenists must needs work together at the large task that our generation has laid upon us.

To understand we must also feel. I would say emphatically of Greek literature what I heard Professor Andrew Bradley say in this room of Shakespeare—that the source of more than half our mistakes and failures in understanding is the habit of reading with a slack imagination. With a slack imagination no great poetry, no great philosophy, no movement of history, can ever be understood.

Professor Murray may be exaggerating the effect of Greek study upon English political life, but that it has been in large measure as he states, I think no unprejudiced person can deny. It is, in fact, a remarkable thing that that country, which has been the cradle and home of freedom for so many centuries, and which has been the mother of constitutional government for the world, should have been at the same time the country where classical study has always been an essential element in the culture of its governing class. The Continent has seen great scholars, beneficent and patronizing rulers, but it is true that classical scholarship has always been more or less an ornament there and not the companion of every-day life. There have been learned chancellors, cultured ministers and men of affairs, charged to the full with classical culture, on the Continent, but they have been largely individuals; while in England the class that has framed the British Constitution and developed it and defended it, the class that has broadened the limits of Britain throughout the world, whether it was Milton, or Raleigh, or Burke, has been the class with whom classical culture was congenital and one whose whole habit of thinking has been moulded and guided by the works of the men of old. It is this that the modern Philistine wants to do away with because

he has no knowledge of it and hence no sympathy with it, and it is this that in the course of time will be weakened if not wholly destroyed. But it will still be the glory of the Classics that even those who are its most determined foes have themselves been moulded insensibly by the very same influences which they would be the first to decry. I have been acquainted with many modern men of science who deny any belief in the Christian faith, but who still show in their actions the Christian virtues and but slight inquiry has demonstrated that their traditions for generations ago are responsible for their present practice. So it is with the classical tradition in England. G. L.

THE HELVETIAN QUARTET

When Horace (C. 4. 9. 25-28) reminded Lollius so eloquently of the unknown battle-lines that had gone down to the grave, with no bard to herald their deeds to the future, there was one horde of unsung heroes of whom his Roman heart would have spurned taking cognizance. Not in the poetic haze of pre-Mycenaean ages either, but within such prosaic nearness to Horace's present as his own boyhood days, a race of warriors had all but passed away, unhonored in the world's category of famous names. The Gallic patriots who fought against Caesar had been splendidly worthy of a bard, but the Augustan Laureate would doubtless have regarded their admittance to his banquet-board as a *symphonia discors*.

Under the cursory stylus of the conqueror, the Gallic chieftains pass across the stage of action with the rapidity of moving pictures. Divico, a really great figure, is announced in Chapter 13 of Book I, and carries back Caesar's answer in the fourteenth Chapter to disappear forever. Rare is the Gaul that secures to his credit several pages of our modern text.

It is true, the nature of Caesar's narrative did not admit of enlargement upon the life and deeds of individual chieftains. His own *legati* are often dismissed with even greater brevity, though their valor and loyalty may well have justified a few sentences in laudation. Caesar's whole intent, as indeed Hirtius avers for him (8. Praef. § 5), was to present a concise, unembellished statement of his acts in Gaul, and, on the whole, his narrative is remarkably colorless and free from bias.

Yet, with all his excusable brevity, one cannot help feeling that Caesar, in his attitude toward the several insurgent leaders, is often heartlessly mute, at times even openly derogatory. It is quite evident that, from his standpoint, they were petty meddlers in the onward and inevitable march of Rome.

Caesar's opinions of his adversaries, however, were not wholly personal. They were rather the concentrated inbreeding of century upon century of

national abhorrence and hatred. Rome could never erase the memory of the Allia. Caesar but inherited a racial instinct, and, perhaps after all, we are spared much by the calm, simple style of his Commentaries. A more voluble writer, such as Cicero, would probably have grieved us at every turn. It is to Cicero, for instance, that we owe such expressions as he used in writing to his brother Quintus (1. 1. 27): *Galli, Afri, Hispani, inmanes ac barbarae nationes*. And Cicero may be taken as the standard of the Roman estimate of the Gauls when, in his *De Re Publica* (3. 9. 15), he represents them as one of a triad of nations whose composite presented the utmost of barbarity and savagery, placing them side by side with the mythic Tauri, who sacrificed alive all strangers that drifted to their shores, and, above all, with the Carthaginians, whom the Romans seem to have regarded as all but demons.

I.—ORGETORIX

(Liber I. 2-4)

With what sentiments Caesar assumed his responsibilities as Proconsul of Gaul and Illyricum, or whether in setting out for Ravenna there were ever moments when he paused to wonder what would be the outcome of it all Caesar does not say. Sentiments?—he seems almost devoid of them. To one who did not read long and deeply, he might seem utterly impressionless. The business-like way with which, apparently, he attacked every task presented to him, no matter in what province, finds its perfect mirror in the style of the Commentaries, and nowhere is this more strikingly evident than in the opening chapters. After a sweeping geographical survey, in itself a masterpiece of conciseness and yet entirety, he leaps outright into the discussion of his first great problem, and we are brought face to face with our first Gallic champion: 'Among the Helvetians by far the richest and noblest was Orgetorix'.

Caesar himself never saw the great popular leader of the Helvetians, for Orgetorix did not live to cross swords either literally or in diplomacy with the shrewd Italian. His great conspiracy was begun three years before Caesar's governorship. The latter's account of him is therefore at second-hand. The Helvetian invasion is Caesar's proper theme, but that invasion was strongly connected in his mind with the energetic character that had been its original and leading spirit. These first three chapters are strictly prefatory to the events that involved the Proconsul himself.

In Orgetorix we find a prominent example of the Gallic stamp—a clever politician, a skillful orator, a successful demagogue. In him, the first on Caesar's roster of Gallic chieftains, we find that fatal predilection to restlessness and inordinate ambition which has been the curse of Gallia's great men from the Helvetian down to the Napoleons. He was the pos-